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SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1914.

A stitch in time is also better than nine safety pins.

Stale eggs and ham actors go together, of course.

Our idea of insignificance is the husband of a British suffragette.

The strike leader that all of us admire is the one on the baseball team.

It would appear that a monkey diet is not a bad thing—for some people.

Kansas is calling for harvest hands, and the I. W. W. people are stone deaf.

Some people think the Outlook magazine should be called the Literary Indigestion.

When a lamb strays into Wall Street either the bulls or the bears soon get its goat.

And very often the horse that is left at the post is ridden by a wooden-headed jockey.

Why in the world don't the London police turn some mice loose among the suffragettes?

We understand that Huerta's attitude toward Niagara Falls is that of watchful waiting.

In other words, the Progressive leader thinks a nod is as good as a wink to a blind elephant.

A ninety-pound adult cow is reported in Pennsylvania. This must be the one that gives condensed milk.

We met a splendid girl the other day. She confessed that she didn't know how to make a Welsh rabbit.

Some of the Progressives hail Col. Roosevelt as their Moses, but outsiders think he is more likely their Jonah.

It is rumored that, whisky is going up. We suppose the reason is that so many people have been putting it down.

Democratic Congressmen are trying to build fences strong enough and high enough to keep out the Bull Moose.

There are still a few people who think Secretary Daniels made a mess of it when he abolished the wine mess in the navy.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says few parents have common sense. But she speaks from observation and not from experience.

Even the skeptics must admit that Col. Roosevelt gave just as good a description of that river as Doc Cook gave of the pole.

The law schools of the country are preparing to turn out 10,000 graduates, but we still believe the world is getting better.

We admire the judgment of Mr. Sun Yat Sen, leader of the Chinese revolution. He has established headquarters in London.

Washington may be a larger city than it was when Col. Roosevelt retired in the White House, but it doesn't have as much excitement.

The Louisville woman who is suing for a divorce because her husband spends too much time reading the Bible would have found some other excuse if there had been no Bibles.

The United States Treasury deficit this fiscal year is \$41,001,461, against a surplus of \$3,303,899 last year, exclusive of Panama Canal and public debt transactions. At any rate the Democrats have never claimed that this is a get-rich-quick administration, and the Republicans won't be able to accuse them of it.

A Denver man worth \$500,000, who is having a lot of trouble with his family, blames it all on the evil influence of an immense diamond that is supposed to have once belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain, who pledged her jewelry to finance Columbus on his search for the New World. So far the Denver man has not offered to give the diamond away, though there are any number of people willing to take a chance on it.

Representative Richard Barthold, Republican, regular and rigid, of St. Louis, has found it necessary to employ a force of clerks in his home city to send out letters announcing that he will not accept renomination for Congress this year, though his district is strongly Republican and has long had the habit of electing Barthold. Democrats and Progressives may be taking warning when Republicans find it necessary to establish campaign bureaus to oppose their own election.

There is apparently nothing to be gained by attacking the last assessment of District real estate for purpose of taxation upon the ground that one member of the board of assessors was not legally entitled to hold office. No one can expect to escape payment of taxes on any such plea; but if it should be deemed imperative, or even, advisable, to have the validity of the assessment judicially affirmed some method of procedure could probably be found that would not involve the long and expensive process of a reassessment.

Political Situation.

The situation in the Progressive party is the most interesting thing in politics at the present moment. First of all, the party is nine-tenths Roosevelt. There are men in it of socialistic ideas who find its platform satisfactory and who believe that the social and economic reforms which they advocate can be most easily accomplished by the Progressive organization. They have not much faith in the Socialist party as a political factor. They are seeking to remodel the world and a minimum wage for women, an eight-hour working day, an old-age pension, the abolition of child labor, the governmental control and supervision of everything, and many other desirable things, from their point of view, are pledged by the Progressives. The men who would sacrifice everything for sentiment, however, are not numerous. The great mass of the Progressives went to Roosevelt for two reasons. They believed, in the first place, that he had been cheated out of the Presidential nomination at Chicago. It was not true, but Roosevelt made them believe it, nevertheless. Then another very large contingent had tremendous faith in him as a winner. He had never been defeated and they gambled on his luck. Even today, when they have to admit that he is not always victorious, they regard him as a man of destiny.

So it is true that if there was no Roosevelt there would be no Progressive party. It has no leader if he should die. Perkins and Plim and Pinchot and Mordock—surely not upon one of these could the mantle of Roosevelt fall. There is nobody else. There is not an out-and-out Progressive in the United States Senate. Mr. Borah might have been a Progressive leader, but he is loyal to the Republican party. So is Mr. Cummins. Ex-Gov. Hadley, of Missouri, is another prominent man who might have been Roosevelt's understudy, but he is still a Republican. Gov. Johnson, of California, continues to try to carry water upon both shoulders, but he does not appeal to the East. Ex-Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, who always lacked a sense of humor, would like to be accounted among the great, but nobody will take him seriously. From any angle, therefore, the Progressive party is a one-man organization.

And the sad thing for the party is that the rank and file is drifting away from it. If Mr. Roosevelt had remained out of the country for another year, the Progressives could not have mustered a corporal's guard. The interesting question just now is whether he will try to inject renewed vitality into his semi-moribund organization, or will he strike out in a new direction?

Mr. Roosevelt's Dilemma.

Mr. Roosevelt is between the devil and the deep blue sea. He is shrewd enough to realize his dilemma.

On the one hand are his radical followers. They have left the Republican party, burning their bridges behind them, and they are for maintaining their organization at all hazards. They have nothing to lose. Some of them, like Perkins, are not job hunters, and the few who are in Congress are satisfied that they can be re-elected, no matter what happens. At present they are basking in the light of a little notoriety which they never could have gained as Republicans and they want to stay in the limelight. Consequently they would have Mr. Roosevelt go gallantly forward, waving aloft the Progressive banner, and, if necessary, dying a noble death.

This isn't Mr. Roosevelt's programme at all. He wants to be President of the United States again. Washington declined a third-term, Grant was refused it, and if Roosevelt can achieve it he will stand unique in American history. It is doubtful if his ambition ever could be satisfied, but it might be if he could go down into history as the only third-term President. It is a very doubtful question, however, whether he can be elected as a Progressive candidate. He must be supported by the Republicans, and he knows that they are returning to their old affiliation by the wholesale. To stand by the radical Progressives, therefore, means the sacrifice of his most cherished hope. They can supply ardor and enthusiasm, but not votes, and votes are sadly needed. It is this fact which has led Mr. Roosevelt to apply the soft pedal when it comes to talking of Republicans and the Republican party. Many Republicans will never forgive him for splitting their party wide open, but it seems that he is willing to take chances that there are not enough resentful ones to seriously affect the situation. As a matter of fact, there are any number of Republicans who did not join the Progressive party, but who are still glad that there has been a shaking-up of dry bones.

Who Can Take Roosevelt's Place?

Mr. Roosevelt knows, too, that there is no one in the Republican party who can take his place.

Mr. Taft is utterly and completely out of it. Who can be named as a vote-getter in the same class with Roosevelt? There is only one man anywhere who is really worthy of consideration as a candidate and it is extremely doubtful if he is available. If Associate Justice Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, would allow his name to be used the probability is that he would be the next President of the United States. Courageous and efficient, as an executive, an able jurist, thoroughly equipped from every point of view to hold the highest office, the likelihood is that he would receive the united support of Republicans and Progressives. He has not been identified with either faction of the party, and the people would trust him, if elected, to do everything to make amalgamation complete.

If Justice Hughes will not run, who will be the Republican nominee? Mr. Roosevelt would answer this question at once by saying that there is nobody commanding position in the Republican party to be accorded the nomination by universal acclaim. Nearly everybody would agree with him. This being the case, Mr. Roosevelt sees the field clear for himself, provided that he does not imperil his own chances of election by prolonging the division in the Republican ranks. No wonder that he is acting as if he were walking on eggs. It is going to take some political finesse to adjust himself to changed conditions, but no one ever questioned Roosevelt's shrewdness as a politician.

Roosevelt's Chances of Success.

Even those who have no use for Roosevelt, who fear that if he should be elected President he would have no regard for the law or the Constitution, but would be a law unto himself, are compelled to admit that he may be President once again.

One thing is certain. The country is getting thoroughly tired of the Democratic administration. Business may be suffering from a psychological condition—whatever that may be—but it is certainly suffering. When Congress gets through its trust-tinkering legislation it is not likely that any improvement will follow. The handling of the Mexican situation has not been altogether free from error, to state the case mildly, and the repeal of the Panama Canal tolls exemption law, even though it may be righteous, is

not a popular proposition. Six months ago it was predicted that the next House of Representatives would show a largely increased Republican membership, but that the Democrats would still retain control by thirty or forty majority. Today there are many Democrats who doubt whether they will have any majority at all.

Mr. Roosevelt knows that the Democratic administration is losing, if it has not lost, its popularity. He knows, also, that the Progressive party has almost disappeared. If he repeats this year his performance of 1912 he will give the Democrats another lease of life and thus materially injure his own prospects. Therefore, he is going to make the Democratic party the object of his attack. He does not lack material for sledge-hammer blows. Even when he advocates the election of Mr. Pinchot in Pennsylvania he will be careful not to make himself disliked by the Republicans. His program is to demonstrate his own Republicanism by denouncing Democracy and then, when the political change next November is recorded, to assume the credit for Republican victory and declare that under his banner the united Republicans and Progressives can once again take possession of the government. Make no mistake. Mr. Roosevelt is determined to be President again. The ways by which this result is to be accomplished may be devious and thoroughly Rooseveltian, but that they will be practiced, every one of them, in order to bring about the desired result, there is not even the shadow of a doubt.

No wonder that the Republican managers are inactive and almost paralyzed. They have nothing to do but to let Mr. Roosevelt make all the moves. The future is very largely in his hands.

The President at Arlington.

President Wilson yesterday attended the Memorial Day celebration at Arlington Cemetery, where he buried thousands of Union veterans of the civil war, and spoke to their comrades who survived that awful period in the nation's history. And there the story might well rest, with no useless comparisons or scrutiny of motives, but that the will exists to make controversy out of the circumstances.

With all the tact and grace possible President Wilson yielded his own opinions and views of propriety and shaped his utterances to fit a delicate situation as he saw it, when he learned that in the eyes of those brave old soldiers, whose ranks have thinned almost to disappearance, he had been placed in a false position.

In yielding the President showed greatness and true courage. Admitting no mistake, he went to Arlington because he was convinced that if he remained away his motive would be misconstrued and the veterans might feel a slight that was farthest from the mind of the first American who, with every other American, honors the men who fought to preserve the Union. Striving, as the President is now, to preserve and promote peace with another nation his words, fittingly, extolled the beneficence of peace rather than the glories and the horrors of war. His address lacked nothing of the spirit of true patriotism and seemed especially appropriate to the day devoted to the strewing of flowers about the resting place of those who suffered and died in a great cause.

The President sacrificed nothing of honor, dignity, or pride in recognizing the admirable and natural sentiment of the old soldiers which called for his presence at Arlington. Rather, when calm judgment is pronounced, he will have gained in the public estimation.

Rules for Thrill Producers.

Few newspapers, in their accounts of the successful flight of the old Langley airship, refrained from asserting that the inventor "died of a broken heart" because of its failure in 1903. Some of the stories went even further and declared that "ridicule drove him into his grave." It all helped to make a dramatic story, but as a matter of fact, though Mr. Langley was deeply disappointed at being unable to demonstrate the complete success of his aeroplane, neither ridicule nor a broken heart killed him. If Congress had seen fit to vote another appropriation, there can be scarcely a doubt that Mr. Langley would have perfected his invention, for as long ago as 1896 he was able to demonstrate the correctness of his principle of flight.

There are rules, however, which must be observed by writers for a certain class of newspapers. Any man who has suffered a great disappointment must die of a broken heart, and there must always be some relative of a person meeting a sudden death who had a premonition of something terrible about to happen "that very morning," or certainly no longer ago than the night before. Such details are as much a part of the story as the day and hour of the occurrence. Intelligent readers know as well as the writers of such stuff that it is not true, but it made good reading once upon a time when it was first invented and it will continue to do duty until a new brand of thrill is discovered.

Where the Colonel's Duty Lies.

Just before sailing for Spain yesterday, Col. Roosevelt took what sounds like a hasty shot at the administration, in which he contrasts the principles of the Progressive platform with certain unidentified "fine phrases." Evidently, however, he was not attacking Republican "fine phrases," which may be significant. He added: "I believe that this fall my chief duty lies right here in the State of New York." Interested parties in other States are not likely to relax their vigilance because of the loud barking in New York.

Steel Making in New York.

The construction of two 400-ton blast furnaces on New York Harbor reminds the Merchants' Association that New York has many advantages over Pittsburgh for steel making. Freight rates for assembling lake ores, as well as Cuban, Newfoundland, and foreign ores, favor New York against Pittsburgh and the vast Lake Champlain deposits are in New York's natural field. For marketing steel products at home or abroad, New York is the center. Buffalo shares the advantages so far as lake ores are concerned. Both should profit immensely by the opening of the barge canal—New York World.

Aud and New Comes Virgo Nebula.

In a dust intolerable yesterday the thought of Mars should have been refreshing to any philosopher able to keep his temper and the key of his cerebral chamber. Not "the red planet Mars," but his polar caps, his cool channels, his frozen carbonic acid, his twelve months winter. Yet ever refrigerating Mars was denied to a suffering world. A despatch from the Flagstaff Observatory to Mr. Percival Lowell, the principal owner of Mars, said: "Spectrometers show Virgo nebula rotating." Virgo nebula in Mars, like Sylvia Pankhurst and the rest of the mad Cuban, Newfoundland, and heat and trouble even on the breathless heights of heaven! Why must Virgo nebula rotate? Why must La Follette and the rest of the derelicts? Peace with coolness: this is the cry of baked and boiling multitudes.—New York Sun.

Mademoiselle Lisette.

By M. L. RANDALL PHILLIPS.
"When I am not here," directed Mrs. Plateau, loftily, "you may leave the flowers with Miss Lisette."
The new delivery man for Hallock & Co. florists, bowed civilly enough, but his eyes roved over the beautiful interior of the little shop in a way that could scarcely be called humble. He was slightly awed but also amused by the pretentious veneer of both the shop and its mistress.

"Miss Plateau—um! more like Lisette, if it is not too bold," he was saying to himself. "Gee! the way folks spend money in places like this. I wonder we can have flowers on our tables every day."

For, early every day, the imposing black and gold delivery vehicle of Hallock & Co. stopped before the door of the white and silver millinery shop of Mrs. Plateau, and the natural bloom of roses, carnations and other precious of the artificial posies that glowed behind the plate glass doors of the shop.

Tom Boyd was not accustomed to the aristocratic surroundings. He felt big and clumsy and somehow uncomfortable in the splendid atmosphere of Mrs. Plateau's shop. He was not used to the lights, the delicately upholstered chairs were drawn before silk-lined recesses; a rear stairway, flanked by classic columns, led to the upper floor.

And, when the Tom and silver splendor, a vision appeared at the stairway's head and drifted gracefully toward him. It was a young figure, but the fashionable veneer of madame herself was set at naught by the fashionable veneer that overlaid the youthful person of the new arrival. The girl was dressed in an extreme style draped the tall, slight form. A wonderful autumn color flowed the small head. Her immobile features suggested the silent, green-eyed lady that graced the front window. With slow, automatic steps she approached, and her voice sounded sweetly chilly.

"You may leave the flowers here, boy," she said, her eyes never leaving him. "Boy!" Tom giggled in his throat, and bowed civilly again. So this was Miss Lisette! She certainly looked as she should have been made to order for a pink and white and silver shop. He lingered, loth to go. Such magnificent, really poised youth fascinated him. She reminded him of a fairy princess in a book.

"Do you want me to help you unpack those, Miss Lisette?" he stammered. "No, it is nothing. I will attend to them myself," replied the fairy princess, grandly.

Tom backed away and shut the lacquered door softly. "Gee! What nerve for a youngster!" he commented. "Miss Lisette could give lessons in deportment to the Four Hundred."

The next morning Tom Boyd approached the millinery shop eagerly. Yes; there she was, trailing her silken draperies over the pale gray carpet; and, as he stepped into the shop, there were no words spoken. It was a week later before Miss Lisette seemed to be conscious of the fact, and when she was of the young man from Hallock & Co.

"You're new on this route, aren't you?" she said, graciously, as if she had just realized that fact. "Yes, I am," Tom grinned, and as his companion looked up quickly, he saw that her eyes were now blue and very bright. They did not seem to belong to her, they were so human! They made Tom feel suddenly emboldened.

"Say, mam'selle, do you like it here?" "Why, certainly," her eyes widened. "It is beautiful. Why not?"

"I don't know," Tom glanced helplessly around. "It strikes me as sort of unreal—a show, you know. I'd choke if I had to stay in here all day." He often thought of Miss Lisette. He often thought of her bowing and smiling to the haughty patrons of the little shop, and the happy on-call day long trying on hats, and the smiling down the velvet car paths, and posing beside the flower-decorated tables.

Some times when he made his early morning calls, he fastened that blue-eyed smile, and the friendly expression; but if he tried to begin a conversation she discouraged him with languid responses or a faint smile.

"Boyd," said his employer, late one afternoon, "here's a wreath to be delivered in Pine street; an order left by a settlement worker, for a child's grave. The woman never saw the child; but it's on your way home."

"Sure! I'll take it alone," agreed Tom. He was hungry, so he went home first to dinner, and started out to deliver the wreath in the early evening. The house was a tall, plain tenement dwelling, a humble one, but the door was ajar. Tom stopped to inquire his way.

"I'm looking for—" he began; then paused with eyes and mouth open. A young girl had responded to his knocking, and she was gazing at him with eyes that were very blue and very soft. He saw a tumbled mass of auburn hair and a smile that widened as he stared at a simple dress of checked lawn and a ruffled white apron completed his bewilderment.

"Yes, it's me, Mr. Boyd," announced a voice cheerily. "Mr. Boyd! Tom drew up his broad shoulders importantly. "What are you doing down here? You're not supposed to be here. Miss Weatherly was awfully fond of him, and he was the pet of the house. Upstairs two flights. And stop on your way out with the wreath, and tell her about you; and she wonders if you're related to the Boyds of Barnet."

"That I am," said Tom, promptly. He spent the next hour in a social and cordial middle-aged woman he was discussing his rural relatives, and all the time his gaze was set on the girl, an unassuming figure of Miss Lisette at home. He noticed how impulsive and unaffected were her little motions; how full and sweet the girlish tones. She sat in a little room with her hair, her billie chatter alternated with the more practical remarks of her mother. Beneath the social influence that permeated the cosy room, Tom found himself taking of his life in the city; his new position; his bright prospects for promotion; and he did not know of it, but he was in his native element and with his own people.

"A smart lad and one to get ahead," said the elder woman, as he took his departure. "The Boyds were all steady folks. I'm glad to know him, and I hope he'll come again. And, judging by signs, I guess he will." "When Tom entered the millinery shop the following morning with the day's supply of flowers he held a little box of blossoms carefully separated from the large package.

"I thought you might like to wear a bunch of violets, Miss Lisette," he began. "Don't call me by that ridiculous name any longer," the girl interrupted. "I'm Lisette—no 'Miss'—and, smiling, taking the proffered box and smiling into his admiring eyes.

Tom stammered something about being unable to call her anything in these bewildering surroundings, but somehow or other he made the girl understand that he would like to call soon and often at her home where he would be able to advance to the privilege of call her—Lisette. (Copyright, 1914.)

DAILY SHORT STORY.

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ONE BIG SHANDLER CITY.

Consolidation of Two or a Dozen in New Jersey Proposed.

Slowly, but systematically and surely, popular sentiment along the New Jersey coast is being awakened to the necessity for the consolidation of ten or a dozen cities and boroughs into one large municipality. Not much notice is being made for there are many obstacles in the path of such a movement, but recent events are taken as suggestive of what is coming in the near future.

Beginning with Long Branch with its 15,000 population and going southward as far as Spring Lake, there are ten or a dozen different cities and boroughs on this coast. Asbury Park has about 12,000 people; Neptune township, which includes Ocean Grove, about 6,000; Bradley Beach, 4,000; Belmar, 3,000; Spring Lake, 1,000; Asbury Park, 1,000; and Allentown, each 500 or more. Here, then, is a continuous population of approximately 60,000 permanent residents split up into petty local governments, each with its mayor, assessor, council, board of education, and all the costly paraphernalia of numerous offices.

Their varied interests could be as well taken care of by one municipal government, there would be great economy in official salaries, and much more uniformity of development and improvement. It would be much like the consolidation, several years ago, of all the places between Bergen Point and Communipaw into the City of Bayonne. Bayonne, in a municipal proposition it has much in its favor. One big city can be run more economically and satisfactorily, if run wisely and capably, than a dozen small ones.

And this was one of the motives back of the Ocean Grove borough movement, though it was not exploited as such. In fact, kept far in the background, for manifest reasons. Had the boroughists succeeded in establishing the form of local government they demanded, they would have been in position to vote on the next question to arise; namely, that annexation to Asbury Park, and in a word, to join with the other cities and boroughs and cities to form one large seashore city. As it is, Ocean Grove stands firmly in the way of such consolidation.

To a degree, at least, these facts account for the work done by outside interests, corporations and newspapers to further the consolidation movement in Ocean Grove, and in the years to come it is possible that the consolidation scheme will be the strongest factor in any new effort made to end the present form of Ocean Grove's administration. If the consolidation movement succeeds, the city will be about twenty miles long, by a mile and a half to two miles wide—Newark News.

New York Hotel Arrivals.

Special to The Washington Herald.

New York Mayor William W. Taft arrived and registered today as follows:
Park Avenue.....Barrington.
W. N. Brown.....T. D. Day.
W. C. Fisher.....M. H. Talbot.
Bristol.....Navarro.
F. C. Darby.....H. W. Kline.
R. Rustie.....Mrs. J. N. Tynner.
Hermes.....W. J. D. Farnham.
W. E. Evans.....Empire.
Miss E. Freeman.....M. W. Conrad.
Normandie.....W. Williams.
C. J. Harris.....Grand.
Marborough.....O. S. Hill.
Blenheim.....Mrs. Proctor.
D. V. Hills.....Mrs. S. Proctor.
Herald Square.....Abbeville.
J. C. Bradford.....C. H. Robb.
S. N. Mills.....Mrs. C. H. Robb.
Wallick.....Longacre.
E. C. Chapel.....C. Volant.
N. B. Bell.....
H. M. Remington.
Merchants and buyers—J. M. Buzell, Prince George; T. F. Fenn, 25 Fourth Avenue; R. C. Lewis, Empire.

Arrivals from Baltimore were Mr. and Mrs. W. Blaney, Herald Square; L. C. Dunn, York; W. E. Moore, W. C. Kline, Nally, Cumberland; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Snyder, Navarre; C. P. Conant, G. A. Dewey, Belmont; N. Paulkner, Wallick; W. H. Jennings, Belmont; M. H. Talbot, Clark, M. Graf, Grand; L. Teller, York; P. Lewis, Martha Washington; D. Lipsitz, St. Denis; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. C. Jones, Belmont; M. H. Talbot, Northern; P. H. Sprecher, Marie Antoinette.

MORE PRIMARIES DEMANDED.

The trouble with the primary is that anybody can be a candidate. The old guard in the Democratic party should have had a primary of its own to select a candidate. But against whom ever was selected by the voters in their primary to bear their banner in the regular primary of its own to select a candidate. The old guard in the Democratic party should have had a primary of its own to select a candidate. But against whom ever was selected by the voters in their primary to bear their banner in the regular primary of its own to select a candidate.